



Proper Care of the Eyes

IMPORTANT THAT THEY SHOULD BE WASHED DAILY.

Much Discomfort and Even Danger of Loss or Impairment of Sight May Be Avoided by Precautions.

"Don't be careless of the eyes during cold weather. Bathe them frequently. Protect them from both wind and dust, particularly the latter, which I believe causes most of the inflamed eyeballs and swollen lids that are now so prevalent," says Dr. George Houston Bell, prominent oculist.

"If the simple preventions that may be employed to guard the eyes against soreness were understood I feel certain that every one would adopt them, especially women who will stop at nothing to cure inflammation and redness of the eyeballs that is so disfiguring while it lasts.

"To women who are not compelled to go out of doors daily I would suggest that the easiest way for them to avoid any injury from dust would be to stay in the house until whirlwinds of fine dirt do not fill the air. A shopping trip, a call or even theater engagement had better be postponed unless a carriage can be called to one's door or a cab stopped in front of one's home.

"Don't keep the eyes open when passing through a cloud of dust. If it is not possible to shut the lids, then turn the back or side of the head so that the particles will not fly directly into the eyes, or if in a crowd, where there would be danger if closing the eyes, place the hand, a paper, or some guard a few inches from the optics to shield them and to keep out the dirt.

"Don't rub the eyes after going through a cloud of dust, for this action has a tendency to irritate the eyeball by working fine pieces of metal, dirt, etc. into the corner. If particles in the eye cause discomfort or pain, close the lid and let the water that constantly bathes the eyeballs have a chance to wash out the foreign matter.

"If after several minutes the substance is not dislodged, have a druggist take out the dirt with a fine camel's hair brush, or wash out the eye with a saturated solution of boric acid, which is a soothing antiseptic that will help to clear away any redness of the eyeball that usually follows the irritation caused when dirt sticks to the cornea. If boric acid is not to be had, use salt water.

"Either the acid or water may be dropped into the eye from a spoon, but the best plan to give the eyeball a

thorough wash-out is to use a regulation eyeglass that fits tightly over the lids and makes possible a complete bath.

"For those who have had no experience with the use of an eyeglass I want to say that it should be about three-quarters full before it is placed directly over the eye with the lids closed. The head must be thrown back when the glass is turned down and then the lids opened and the eyeball rolled around. This operation should last but a few seconds and will ordinarily bring immediate relief.

"Whether or not there are particles of dirt, etc., on the eyeballs that cause pain, I think it advisable to wash out the eyes, especially on windy days, after coming into a house or office, for then the gritty specks will be cleaned away, the eyes left fresh and bright-looking, and there can be no danger of infection from germs contained in the dust. Use a solution of boric acid for these washings, and if convenient an eyeglass.

"I wish I could make women, and men, too, understand that it is quite as essential to wash out the eyes when they are full of dirt as it is to cleanse the hands when they are soiled, for if I could I know much of the trouble that often becomes chronic and results in the use of glasses would be avoided and an eyeglass and a bottle of boric acid would be considered as essential to physical cleanliness as is soap.

"Every one, for hygienic reasons, should wash out the eyes with a five per cent solution of boric acid each morning, and every night before retiring for this bath not only cleanses them, but soothes and allays slight inflammation caused from cold, or from strong winds and incidentally strengthens the eyeballs."

Bib-Blouses and Gloves.

Clever bib-blouses are designed with princess skirts and have stoles ends composed chiefly of interlaced bands of satin over lace. Sleeves upon evening gowns are most varied, but the elbow length and its half size reign. In many instances they are made of lace entirely different from any trimming introduced upon the gown, or they may be of spangled net combined most inconspicuously with velvet or bands of fur.

In all instances they are met by elegant evening gloves, which in most instances are white; but the shops are showing long gloves of pale pink and pale blue kid, to be worn with toilettes in corresponding hues. The pale pink model, merging almost into flesh color, is quite charming on the arm. Pale delicate dove and string shades, apricot and sauterne are also extremely becoming.

TRY THIS SMOKER'S BRACKET.

Will Be Appreciated by Any Users of Tobacco.

An ordinary hanging bracket is within the power of any amateur to make, and the smoker's bracket of which we give an illustration is of precisely the same nature, but utilized in rather a novel way.

It will be found extremely useful for hanging on the wall by the side of the after-dinner arm-chair, and on it can find a place for a glass, matches, ash-tray, pipes, tobacco, etc. It is suspended from the wall by means of two holes cut in the upper portion of the wood, through which nails are driven, and it can easily be lifted off and taken down when not required.

A circular hole is cut in the shelf

part of the bracket on the left-hand side capable of holding a glass in the manner shown, and a glass held in this way cannot be overturned. Some smaller holes can be made into which



pipes can be slipped, and a piece of sand-paper is glued at the top on which wax matches may be struck. The whole bracket can be painted, or stained or decorated in any other way we fancy.

LETTERS READY FOR THE MAIL.

Simple and Useful Little Article Quite Easy to Make.

This simple and useful little article is intended either for hanging on the wall by the side of a writing table or in the hall. It can be made of thin wood or cardboard, and hangs from the wall by means of two nails driven through the holes cut in the upper part.

A useful size to make it in is about 12 inches long by nine inches deep, and it may be covered with silk or any other material we fancy. The word



"letters for the mail" may be worked in ornamental letters on the lower portion of the front.

If constructed in wood it will look well covered with white enamel, and "letters for the mail" can then be painted on it in some pleasing colors.

Four pieces of wood or cardboard are required for its construction, one

A Woman's Intuition

(Tale of an Exciting Adventure on the Cumberland River.)

By Opie Read

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

On the banks of the Cumberland river, in Tennessee, there stood a log hut, the home of an old ferryman. With the old man lived his niece, a tall, strong, handsome girl.

The old man's name was Abner Scrib. He called the girl Tony. She was a bright little thing, and her mind seemed to hop about like a bird.

Tony was nearly 18, when her uncle was suddenly taken ill and died. The preacher's wife offered her a home. She shook her head.

"But what are you going to do?" "I'm going to set people over the river," she said.

She was trim and graceful and appeared delicate, but she was strong, the strength of fine-drawn steel. Her management of the big boat for wagons and teams was a constant surprise.

Late one afternoon, while Tony was sitting on the shore reading, there came a loud cry from the opposite bank. "The canoe—bring it as quickly as possible!"

She leaped into the canoe and skimmed across.

"Quick!" said the young man standing in the edge of the water. "Take me over as fast as you can!"

"You must be going for a doctor."

"I am going to keep from needing one. Don't lose any time. They are coming."

"Who?"

"The human wolves. Don't you hear them? They are after me—they put me in jail over yonder in the village for nothing. I broke out. Yonder they come."

"They can't catch us," she replied, quietly.

A troop of men dashed down to the river, and leaped off their horses, looking about for a boat. They commanded Tony to come back.

"My canoe won't hold so many!"



"Someone is coming!" She said.

she shouted. "Wait till I bring the big boat!"

"Come back, or we'll fire on you!" a man cried.

"You'd better turn around and go back," said the young man with a sigh.

She looked at him. "Didn't you say you were innocent of any crime?" "Yes; but they'll shoot, and they might hit you."

She smiled. The men began to shoot. The bullets plucked up the water.

"They believe in baptism by sprinkling," she remarked.

He gazed at her, forgetful of the bullets. "You are the noblest creature I ever saw!" he declared.

"The sun on the water dazzles your eyes," she replied.

"No; a more startling brightness dazzles my soul."

"That's rather pretty. See, they have found a boat. They can catch you. The wood is thick, and you'll get turned around and around unless you know the road. Up there on the rise is my cabin. When you jump ashore I will stay to hold them back as long as possible. Go to my house. In the middle of the floor is a bear skin. Under it is a trap door leading down into a potato cellar. Get down in there. Smooth down the bear skin as well as you can when you've got in. Now jump out, and run."

When he had leaped ashore, she turned back to meet the men. She recognized Masford, the sheriff of the county.

"Scatter out in every direction," he said. Then, looking at Tony, he added, "Bill and I will go up to the house. He might double back on his track like a rabbit and come back to the river."

"I shall be pleased to entertain you," said Tony, with a note of cheerfulness in her voice; but she felt that she was growing pale, and she turned away to hide her face.

"Oh, yes, you are very innocent," said the shrewd sheriff, as he stepped into the cabin.

"Oh, I hope so. Sit down, please." The bear skin was in place. There was no sign that it had been disturbed. The sheriff did not sit down.

"That was a pretty big bear," he said, pointing to the rug in the middle of the floor.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you kill him?"

"I helped kill him. I shot him once."

He stepped forward and lifted the

rug. "Yes, this is a pretty fair hide. And it's just big enough to cover your cellar door, ain't it?"

"It's more than large enough," she quietly answered.

He looked at the leather strap by which the door was lifted, and looked up at her. She didn't wince. "What do you keep down in here, miss?"

"Potatoes. Shall I boil one for you?"

"Come, miss, no more foolishness. The murderer is down in that hole."

He lifted the door. "Come out, young man, you are caught. Are you coming or shall I fire on you?"

"Why don't you go down and see?" the girl asked, smiling.

"I guess you are right. I'll go down."

He lifted the door again and slowly went down into the cellar. The other man looked hard at the girl. She met his gaze without a tremor.

"Nobody here," said the sheriff, his head appearing above the floor. "Well, I'm much obliged to you for telling the truth, anyway. Let's walk up the river, Bill."

When they were gone, she held a light down into the darkness of the cellar. He was not there. How fortunate it was that he had not followed her instructions. But, after all, he could never get out of the woods. His capture was certain. She could see his eyes, his boyish mouth. He could not be guilty. In her judgment no evidence could have overcome his smile. Night came, and a heavy rain began to fall.

"If they bring hounds, his track will be cold," she said, when there came a soft tap at the door.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"The man who was dazzled."

She opened the door, and there he stood.

"Oh, why did you come back here?"

"To see you," he answered, stepping inside.

"But they will get you."

"They won't think I'm here. I heard them talking. I live in a hollow tree," he added.

He told her about himself. He had just graduated from a medical college. For recreation he and a friend had come down in that country to hunt and had been hunted.

"One day my friend, not feeling very well, did not leave camp," said he. "I wandered a long ways off, and about noon went into a house to buy some bread. The door stood open—no one had answered my call. On the floor lay an old man with his throat cut. In horror I ran out. In the road I was seized by a party of men, taken to the village and thrown into jail. I got out, and here I am. My name is John Wickley."

"I hear them coming," she cried.

"I will get down into the cellar."

"I have nailed the door down," she moaned.

He looked up and his eyes swept the wall. He snatched down a long skirt, and put it on. With his heel he quickly ground to dust a piece of charcoal, and blacked his face and hands. He put on a sunbonnet and pulled it close about his neck. "I used to play in the college minstrels," he said. "Lie on the couch and throw the cover over you."

There came a knock at the door.

"Come in," he cried, and two men entered. "Skuzze me, gentlemen, but walk soft. She sick."

The lamp was bad, the light poor. The men were bleary-eyed with liquor. They sat down on a bench.

"Got anything to drink in the house?" one of them asked; and in well-mouthing negro conceit came the answer: "Huh, ain't got nothing ter drink in de house ner nowhar else."

"Have you got something to eat, then?"

"Huh, we had something ter eat den, but we ain't got nothing now. I been so busy I ain't had time ter cook. Kain't wash an' iron an' take care of a sick lady an' cook much. But you'll please skuzze us fo' de present. We ain't prepared ter take kere ob comp'ny, an' darfo' we wishes you a good-evenin'!"

"Come on, Bill," said the leader, and they strode out.

He knew that his disguise would not serve him so well by daylight, so when the sun rose he went back to his hollow tree.

Several nights had passed since there had been an alarm. He sat down without his disguise. So wrapped was he in a love-deepened study of her face that the bay of a bloodhound would not have startled him.

"And you have always lived here? Yet you seem to be the world's philosophy feminized. Nothing surprises you. I think that such self-possession could be taught only—"

"Some one is coming," she said.

He had no time to disguise himself. The nails had been drawn out of the cellar door, but he did not try to hide.

The sheriff entered. "Good evening, young fellow. And how do you find yourself, miss? I dropped in to tell you that a mistake has been made. You didn't kill the old man, mister. Yes, sir, and I have come out to look for you, to apologize to you in the name of the county. We have known all about your capers for some time. Your nigger dodge was good, but the boys saw through it at once. But the case had gotten a little suspicious, and we thought we'd let it run along for a while, knowing that we could pick you up at any time we wanted you. Good evening. Drop in and see me some time."

The young man sat looking at the girl. "Let us row the boat together," he said. "Shall we?"

"Yes, out upon a greater river."

He took her hand, and led her down to the bank of the stream, and in the moonlight they stood upon the shore, listening to the rippling of the water

HIS FLIRTATION

By LAURA V. GRAND

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PART I.

The room was a very pretty boudoir, in it were two women, both handsome in their different way, the tallest was light haired with blue eyes and a fair skin. She was having a white silk party dress fitted on by a girl who was as dark as she was light. Looking at herself in the long pair glass that hung on the wall, she said:

"I think the dress suits me, I am so sorry that you are going back to New Orleans. I never had a dress-maker that suited me so well before. When do you start?"

"I want to leave on the evening train to-morrow. I am so glad that you are pleased with my work."

"Pleased. I should say I was. If you should ever make up your mind to come and live in the north, I hope you will make my dresses for me."

Mrs. Ramsdale smiled as she spoke.

"I hope that time will never come, but I thank you for your offer, one never knows what might happen."

Marcella replied.

"When do you expect to be married? I will slip this dress off and while you are changing, I want you to tell me all about it. I dearly love to hear about a romance."

"I do not like to bother you, but you have been so kind to me since I brought you that letter of introduction from your cousin that I would do anything that I could to please you."

I was not raised in the south as you can tell by my talk. Philip Cobb, the man I am going to marry, inherited his uncle's barber shop and moved to New Orleans to take possession. That was a year ago. I have sewed for your cousin for some time, and she always liked me. She knew that Philip had gone away. Just a month before I came here your cousin determined to go to New Orleans, her maid was not well, so she offered to take me in her place and then I could see Philip. I was delighted at the opportunity and decided to surprise him.

"Our cousin gave me the first afternoon off and I started out to find him. I had the street number, and after inquiring of several people, I found the shop. It was not quite as large as I had expected to find it, but I cared for Philip not what he had and I walked up to the door and went in. I heard the sound of laughter from the back room, so I walked towards the door. Here she paused.

"Well, what did you see?" Mrs. Ramsdale questioned.

"Philip and two girls sitting there as cozy as you please and having a good time; he had the hand of one of them in his. I was so surprised that I could not help crying out."

"Philip looked up and then he was so surprised. He introduced me to those girls as his intended wife and it seemed they knew all about me. I was raging and got away as soon as I could."

"Then what did you see him again?" Mrs. Ramsdale asked.

"Oh, yes; I saw him that night and every night while we stayed. And what do you think was the excuse he made?" Marcella said, indignantly.

"Flirting, if you please. Well I flirted him. I would have nothing more to do with him. But I have changed my mind. He has written to me nearly every day and promised never to do such a thing again. I have been so lonesome that I just felt I could not live without him, so I am going down there and get married. Do you think I am making a mistake?" she asked.

"No, child; I do not. If you love him and he loves you I think you are better off married. I have the same thing to contend with. My husband is one of the best of men and I feel that he loves me dearly, but he will flirt. He is going south to-morrow night and I suppose he will not be on the car a half hour till he has found someone to flirt with. I would give anything in the world to break him of it." Mrs. Ramsdale sighed as she spoke.

There was silence in the room for a moment and then Mrs. Ramsdale laughed out loud. "I have it, I have it. With your help I think I will cure him. At least I can try."

Going to the door she looked up and down the hall, closed the door tightly, shut the one leading into her bedroom and then pulling her chair close to Marcella's she commenced to talk rapidly in a low tone.

PART II.

It was very near train time when Mrs. Ramsdale entered the depot. She looked around hurriedly and saw the face she was looking for. A nod was exchanged and then she turned to watch the door for her husband's entrance. He loomed surprised, but said heartily:

"I declare, I am surprised to see you."

"I was down in this neighborhood and thought it would be pleasant to come to the train."

Mr. Ramsdale had his ticket and they walked down towards the sleeping car his wife talking as fast as possible. When they reached the car he was to take, the porter took his grip. She stepped back a little and exclaimed: "There is a girl I know, she is going to New Orleans; she must be in the same car with you."

Mr. Ramsdale looked up and half

smiled at the pretty dark face looking at his wife. Both women nodded and the conductor called: "All aboard." Mr. Ramsdale hurriedly kissed his wife and swung on the step. His wife waved her hand and as she turned away laughed out loud.

Mr. Ramsdale entered the sleeping car, behind the porter and his first glance was towards the girl that his wife had recognized.

She was dressed entirely in black, which suited her dark beauty, a big picture hat on her head and long black gloves seemed to complete her costume.

Very pleased that he could use his wife's recognition as a basis to become acquainted with this beautiful girl he said:

"I am Mr. Ramsdale, and as you are a friend of my wife I hope you will consider that an introduction and let us be friends for the journey."

"Thank you, Mr. Ramsdale, I will be pleased to be friends. I knew you at once as your wife had shown me your picture. It is very pleasant to have an acquaintance on the train when one has a long journey ahead. I am going to New Orleans; how far are you going?"

"To the same place. It will be delightful to have company."

The train pulled out and the two went to dinner together. When they were at the table he was rather surprised that she did not remove her gloves, but he was so deep in his flirtation that he made no remark.

The next day was spent by the two together in pleasant converse. She received several telegrams at Memphis the next day. One of them was from his wife and she showed it to him. It was as follows:

"To Miss Marcella Train, Memphis, Tenn.: My husband is on the train. Will you please tell him that I have sent him a telegram to New Orleans. Have you met him? Please answer. Francis Ramsdale."

Marcella showed him the telegram and then said: "I answered at once and told her that you had introduced yourself as soon as you came on the train."

"I am sorry," he said, "that you told her we were acquainted. My wife is always complaining about my flirting and I suppose she will call my becoming acquainted with you flirting."

The flirtation went on until the train pulled into the depot at New Orleans.

They walked side by side till they had neared the gate then she pointed to a well-dressed negro standing beside the gate and said:

"There is my intended husband."

"What! not that negro!" he exclaimed in horror.

She laughed and said: "Why not? I am a negro, too, at any rate I had a negro mother."

Stopping still where he stood he looked at her in dismay and horror. She laughed again and said: "Good-by. I hope you enjoyed our little flirtation."

He was too stupefied to answer and she walked away still laughing. As she reached the gate she turned around and called to him: "Be sure and get your wife's telegram."

He hurried to the telegraph office and inquired for his message. When it was handed him a grim smile spread over his face and he knew his wife had put up a job on him. For these words met his gaze:

"I hope you had a good time. Francis."

The Dinner at a Discount.

Judge Adolph Meyer of Louisiana, who represents New Orleans in congress, is a calm and unemotional man except when people talk to him of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler and the union soldiers who occupied New Orleans during the civil war.

"I suppose, judge," a friend said to him recently, "you were there when Butler's men stole the spoons?"

"No," replied the judge. "I was away fighting in the army, but my family was there. What do you suppose they did to us? They came into my mother's house one day when the dinner was cooking on the stove."

"And stole the dinner, I suppose," broke in the friend.

"Stole the dinner, my eye!" roared the judge. "They threw the dinner on the floor and stole the stove!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Insists on Afternoon Nap.

"The afternoon nap cult is growing," said a mother of six children, "and I'm glad of it. Just look at me. I'm over 50 years old and my complexion is as rosy as any schoolgirl's. I attribute it all to the afternoon nap. The cook can leave; the stock in which we invest can pay panicky small dividends, the boys may 'flunk' in their 'exams,' and still I take my afternoon nap."

Murderer's Hiding Place.

A rich man in a village near Foggia, southern Italy, who has been searched for by the police for eight years on a charge of murder, has at last been found in a garret, where he had only a space about four feet high, three feet long and two feet broad available. He had lived in this place the whole of the time. The police had to take the tiles off the roof to get at him.